

MARVEL

4

LGY#726

**JASON AARON
ESAD RIBIĆ
IVE SVORCINA
AND THE
ASGARD ALL-STARS**

KING THOR





THIS DAY, AT THE END OF ALL DAYS...HE HAS BEEN GUTTED, BOTH EMOTIONALLY AND PHYSICALLY.

HE HAS EXPLODED AN ENTIRE PLANET OF NAPALM IN HIS OWN ANCIENT FACE.



HE HAS BEEN CRUCIFIED, BURNED BY STARS, SKEWERED WITH THE BONES OF ALL THOSE HE FAILED TO SAVE...

...AND HALF DROWNED IN A BLACK OCEAN OF GOD-BUTCHERING NECRO-POWER ALONGSIDE HIS MUTILATED BROTHER.

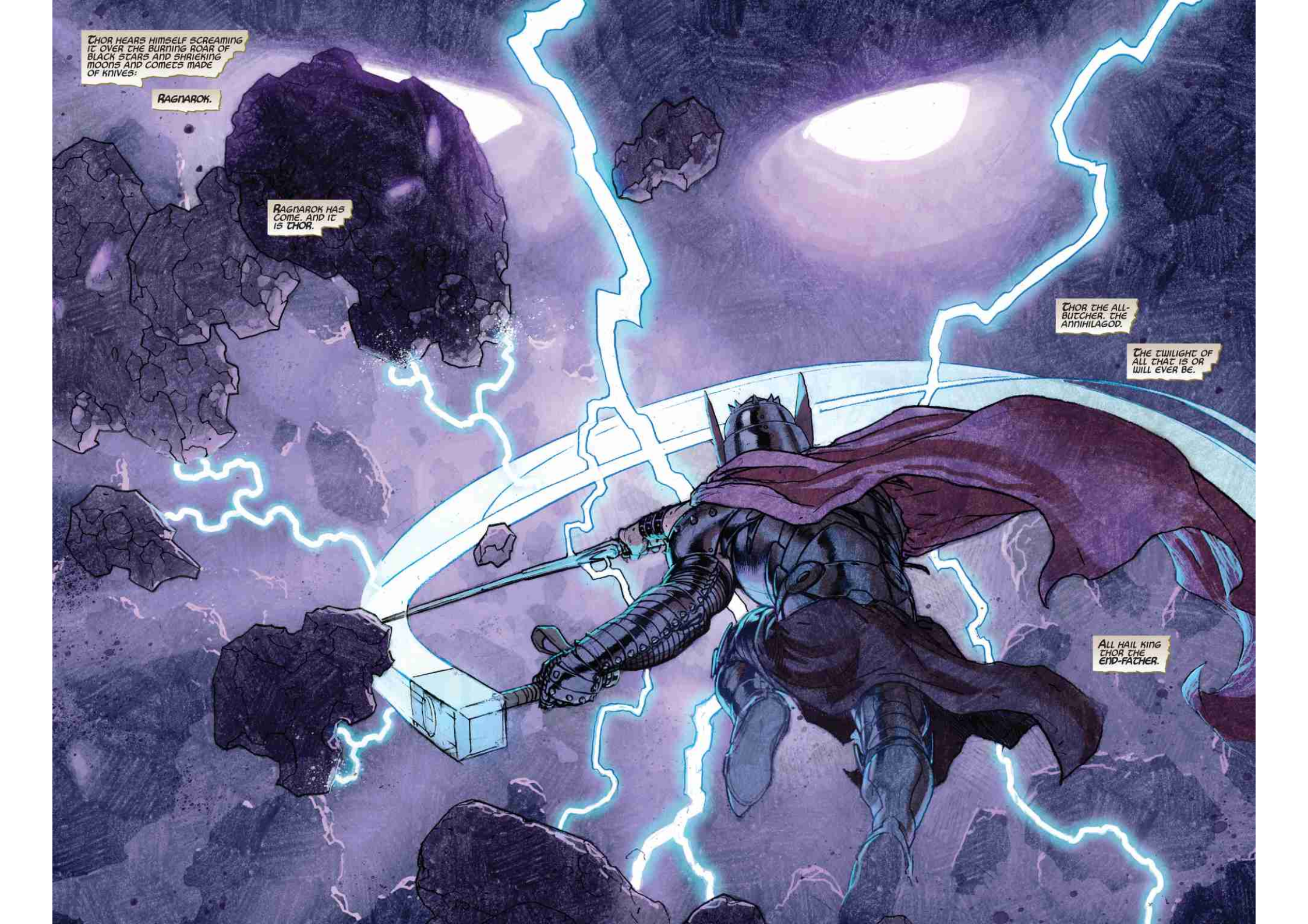


HE HAS WATCHED THE GOLDEN HALLS OF HIS HOME REALM GO UP IN FLAMES.

NOW HE HOLDS HIS OWN GUTS INSIDE HIMSELF THROUGH SHEER FORCE OF ALL-WILL, SWINGING A HAMMER HEAVIER THAN A WORLD, HEAVIER THAN ANYTHING THAT HAS EVER BEEN MOVED BY ANY LIVING BEING.

HE IS THOR, THE THUNDER KING, THE ALMIGHTY ALL-FATHER, BUT TODAY HE EARNS ANOTHER NAME AS WELL.





THOR HEARS HIMSELF SCREAMING
IT OVER THE BURNING ROAR OF
BLACK STARS AND SHRIEKING
MOONS AND COMETS MADE
OF KNIVES.

RAGNAROK.

RAGNAROK HAS
COME, AND IT
IS THOR.

THOR THE ALL-
BUTCHER, THE
ANNIHILAGOD.

THE TWILIGHT OF
ALL THAT IS OR
WILL EVER BE.

ALL HAIL KING
THOR THE
END-FATHER.

AND THE WORST PART IS
HOW EASY IT FEELS. HOW
MUCH EASIER IT IS FOR
HIM TO DESTROY THE
ENTIRE UNIVERSE THAN
IT EVER WAS TO SAVE IT.

WHICH ONLY SERVES TO
REINFORCE THE DARK
TRUTH THAT THOR
HAS ALWAYS KNOWN,
ALWAYS FEARED.

HA

YOU
CANNOT
DESTROY ME,
THUNDER
GOD!

GAAGH!

HA

HAA

HA

HAA!

THAT GORR
WAS RIGHT.

I AM
EVERYTHING
NOW.

RRRRRGHH!!



I AM
BECOME THE
SUPERCLOUDS.
THE CONSTELLATIONS.
THE DARK NEBULAE
ARE THE FINGERS
OF GORR.



AND THIS
BLACK HOLE
IS MY HUNGRY
GULLET...



...WHERE
YOU WILL BE
BUTCHERED ON A
MOLECULAR LEVEL AND
DIGESTED BY THE
UNIVERSE YOU LEFT
FORSAKEN.

I HAVE
REANIMATED
THE CORPSE THE
GODS MADE OF
CREATION.



BUT THERE
WILL BE NO
RESURRECTION
FOR YOU OR
THE LAST OF
YOUR KIND.

IN MY NEW
UNIVERSE...THE
GODS...THE VERY
IDEA OF DEITIES...
WILL HAVE NEVER
EXISTED.

AAAAARRGH!!!



THE ANTI-
GENESIS.

I CAN
SEE IT NOW.
IT'S...

IT'S
BEAUTIFUL.

AND GORR WEEPS.
TEARS OF BLACK
PLASMA.



SORRY, IS THIS A BAD TIME? SHOULD I COME BACK WHEN YOU'RE DONE SOBBING?

LOKI!

I SHOULD'VE LEFT YOU AN EYE SO YOU COULD BEHOLD MY FINAL GLORY. YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE IT ON FAITH, I SUPPOSE.



JUST KNOW...I AM IMMACULATE... AS I'M KILLING YOU.

I DON'T NEED EYES TO KNOW THAT'S NOT ENTIRELY TRUE. GORR, I CAN SMELL A LIE.

GAAGH! ESPECIALLY A POOR ONE. LIKE A SHARK SMELLS BLOOD IN THE WATER FROM MILES AWAY.

AND I NEED THIS SWORD THAT CAME TO ME IN THE ETHER EVEN LESS THAN I NEED EYES.

LOKI, ON BEHALF OF THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE, I HEREBY EXECUTE YOU FOR CRIMES TOO VAST AND VILE TO MENTION!

I DON'T NEED A HAMMER OR TWO GOOD ARMS EITHER. I DON'T EVEN NEED THIS GOAT. SORRY, TOOTHGNASHER.

ALL I NEED RIGHT NOW, GOD BUTCHER...

IT WAS MY FATHER'S SWORD. I'VE NEVER BEEN MUCH OF A FATHER'S SWORD SORT OF GOD MYSELF.

GRRGH!

...IS A WORD.



THOR HAS WRESTLED
WITH DEMONS FOR
EONS AND EONS.

NOT JUST THE ONES FROM
THE VARIOUS UNDERWORLDS.
THE FIERCEST HAVE ALWAYS
BEEN THE DEMONS THAT
COME FROM DEEP
WITHIN HIMSELF.



FATHER!

HIS UNCEASING QUEST FOR
HIS FATHER'S LOVE AND
ACCEPTANCE. HIS WAR WITH
HIS OWN PRIDE. HIS FAILURES
AS A LOVER, A FATHER,
AN ALL-FATHER.

HIS EVERYDAY STRUGGLE
TO BE WORTHY. WHATEVER
THE HELL THAT EVEN MEANS.

FATHER,
YOU WERE
RIGHT!

IN HIS DARKEST DAYS, IN THE HOURS
WHEN DIVINE DEPRESSION SEEMED
HEAVIER THAN ANY ENCHANTED
HAMMER EVER POSSIBLY COULD...

...THOR LIKED TO IMAGINE THAT
HE WOULD LIVE LONG ENOUGH
TO EVENTUALLY BEST THOSE
DEMONS. EVERY LAST ONE.

I WASN'T
STRONG ENOUGH!
WORTHY ENOUGH!
GOD ENOUGH!

BUT ONLY NOW AT THE END
DOES HE REALIZE... THAT NO
SUCH DAY WILL EVER COME.

NO ONE IS EVER TRULY
FREE OF THE DARKEST
PARTS OF THEMSELVES.

FATHER, I
KNOW THE SPIRIT
OF THE HAMMER IS
TO SMITE! BUT... YOU
NEVER TOLD ME... I
WAS NEVER WORTH
YOU TELLING...

YOU ONLY LEARN TO BETTER
LIVE WITH THE DEMONS.
TO CHANNEL THE RAGE
AND SHAME.

WHAT IS THE
SPIRIT OF THE
THUNDER?!

TO BE THE
STORM.

FATHER!!!

WHAT IS THE SOUND OF THE OLDEST GOD WHO HAS EVER LIVED RELEASING AN ANCIENT LIFETIME'S WORTH OF PENT-UP RESENTMENT, ANXIETY AND SELF-LOATHING IN THE FORM OF A COSMIC STORM?

IT IS THUNDER THAT RUMBLES THE LENGTH OF INFINITY, SHATTERING THE PILLARS OF CREATION.

BOOOOM

BUT IN THE MIST OF THAT ROAR, THERE IS LOKI. SOMEHOW AS LOUD AS THE STORM.

TELLING GORR... A STORY.

OF EVERY LIFE HIS BROTHER HAS EVER SAVED, BILLIONS UPON BILLIONS OF THEM. EVERY WAR HE'S EVER WON OR AVERTED. EVERY GRAND, HEROIC DEED, EVEN THE ONES NO ONE EVER KNEW ABOUT. EVERY MOMENT OF KINDNESS AND VALOR.

LOKI KNOWS THIS STORY BY HEART. EVERY WORD.

AND HE WIELDS IT LIKE A KNIFE. IN THE EAR OF THE UNIVERSE ITSELF.

HEH. NOW DO YOU SEE? GORR WAS RIGHT--

--BUT THOR IS THOR!

AND THE UNIVERSE SCREAMS.

KRAKA
THOOO



GRANDFATHER!



HE DID IT! HE BEAT GORR!

BUT THE VERY FOUNDATIONS OF THE UNIVERSE HAVE BEEN DESTROYED! IT'S ALL GOING TO COLLAPSE!

HE'S NOT MOVING! GRANDFATHER! DON'T BE DEAD!



 MIDGARD.

"THAT THUNDER... NEARLY SHOOK THE WORLD APART. BUT..."



BUT I THINK IT WORKED. I THINK THOR SAVED US. I THINK OUR GOD HAS SAVED US ALL AGAIN.

THEN... WHY...



WHY IS THE SUN STILL DARK?



RRRGH.

EASY, BOY.
IT'S ALL RIGHT.
JUST A LITTLE
FARTHER.



LIKE
I SAID, WE
STILL HAVE ONE
LAST STORY
TO TELL.

AND WE
HAVEN'T TOLD
IT YET.

THIS OLD
SUN...ISN'T
EXACTLY THE
ENDING I WAS
HOPING FOR,
BUT, WELL...



...I SUPPOSE
IT'S THE ONE
I DESERVE.



OMNIPOTENCE CITY,
NEXUS OF THE GODS.

THE PRESENT DAY.

KRRSH

WHAT IN
THE NAME
OF THE 9,000
HELLS WAS
THAT?

THIS IS THE
HALLS OF ALL-
KNOWING!

IS A MODICUM
OF DIVINE DECORUM
TOO BLOODY MUCH
FOR WHICH TO ASK IN
THE HALLOWED HALLS
OF THE MOST EXALTED
LIBRARY OF ALL
THE GODS?

WHY DO
YOU INSIST
ON DEFILING
MY METICULOUSLY
REFINED TEMPLE
OF COSMIC
KNOWLEDGE...



...SHADRAK,
GOD OF
IMBECILES AND
IMBECILITY?

I WAS...
DUSTING THE
BOOKS AND...AND
I MUST'VE...
DUSTED TOO
HARD...



I'LL...
I'LL CLEAN
IT UP, LORD
LIBRARIAN.

YES, YOU
WILL.



I CANNOT
ABIDE SEEING
MY IRREPLACEABLE
ANCIENT TEXTS
SCATTERED UPON
THE FLOOR LIKE
COMMON
TRASH.

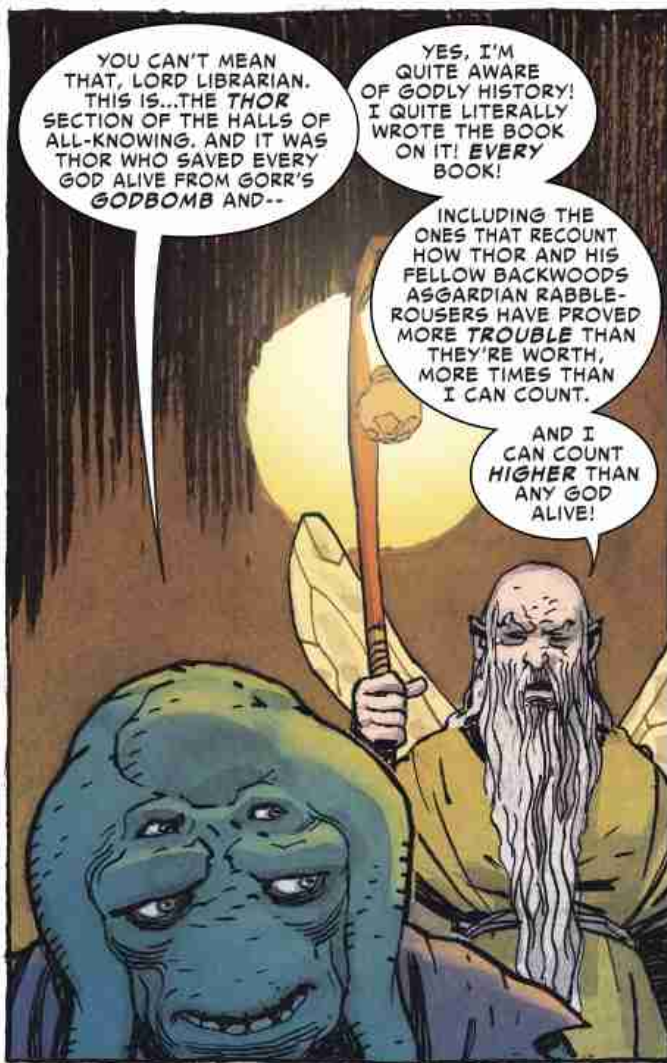
WHICH
SECTION
IS THIS THAT
YOU'VE MADE
SUCH A...



OH.

I SEE.

NEVER MIND,
THEN. THE
FLOOR IS JUST
FINE FOR
THOSE.



YOU CAN'T MEAN THAT, LORD LIBRARIAN. THIS IS...THE THOR SECTION OF THE HALLS OF ALL-KNOWING. AND IT WAS THOR WHO SAVED EVERY GOD ALIVE FROM GORR'S GODBOMB AND--

YES, I'M QUITE AWARE OF GODLY HISTORY! I QUITE LITERALLY WROTE THE BOOK ON IT! EVERY BOOK!

INCLUDING THE ONES THAT RECOUNT HOW THOR AND HIS FELLOW BACKWOODS ASGARDIAN RABBLE-ROUSERS HAVE PROVED MORE TROUBLE THAN THEY'RE WORTH, MORE TIMES THAN I CAN COUNT.

AND I CAN COUNT HIGHER THAN ANY GOD ALIVE!



I SWEAR, SOMEDAY THAT MEDDLESOME HALF-WIT WILL BE THE DEATH OF ALL CREATION.

OH I DOUBT THAT, MY LORD. I MEAN...LOOK AT ALL OF THESE BOOKS.

EACH ONE REPRESENTS ONE OF THOR'S GRANDEST ADVENTURES OF YEARS PAST. AND A TIME HE... HE SAVED WORLDS AND LIVES AND...



ARE YOU TELLING ME ABOUT MY OWN LIBRARY NOW, SHADRAX? I SWEAR, I THINK THE GOD BUTCHER CARVED OFF THE BEST PARTS OF YOU. IF ANY SUCH PARTS EVER EXISTED.

HE MOSTLY JUST TOOK MY TOENAILS AND THE INSIDES OF--

PAY ATTENTION, SHADRAX. GODS HELPS US, SOMEDAY THIS MAY ALL BE YOURS.

THESE AREN'T JUST THE ADVENTURES OF YEARS PAST.



SOME ARE THE ADVENTURES FROM YEARS YET TO COME. BOOKS WAITING TO BE WRITTEN.

BOOKS... ABOUT THE FUTURE?

YES, THE FUTURE OF THOR. AND I'LL SAY THIS FOR THE THUNDERING HALF-WIT...

"...IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOING TO BE *BUSY* FOR QUITE A WHILE."

THE CALL CAME BY WARP RAVEN FROM THE MINISTRY OF INTER-DEITY JUSTICE IN OMNIPOTENCE CITY.

THERE WAS IMPENDING WAR AMONG THE GODS.

NOW...I'LL SHOW YOU WHO THE STRONGEST... STRONGEST GOD... OF THEM...

MANY YEARS LATER.

IN A REMOTE ASTRO-DIOCESE, TWO RIVAL ALL-LORDS HAD ACCUSED THE OTHER OF GRAND APOSTLE LARCENY, OF STEALING WORSHIPERS.

NOW THEY WERE THREATENING TO BOMB EACH OTHER'S CHURCHES, TO STORM THE RIVAL'S HEAVEN.

HHHHRRRRRRGGG!!!

THE RESPONDING OFFICER EMPLOYED AN UNUSUAL TACTIC TO END THE STANDOFF. HE TOLD THE WARRING GODS THAT WHOSOEVER COULD FIRST LIFT HIS ENCHANTED WEAPON WOULD PROVE THEMSELVES THE WORTHIER AND THE OTHER'S BETTER.

MY... MY TURN AGAIN...

THAT'S ENOUGH!

THEY TRIED UNTIL THEY
BOTH WERE TOO
EXHAUSTED TO MOVE.
LET ALONE FIGHT.

AND THAT IS HOW
OFFICER ODINSON
AVERTED A WAR
OF THE GODS IN
THE XIGAL
SYSTEM.

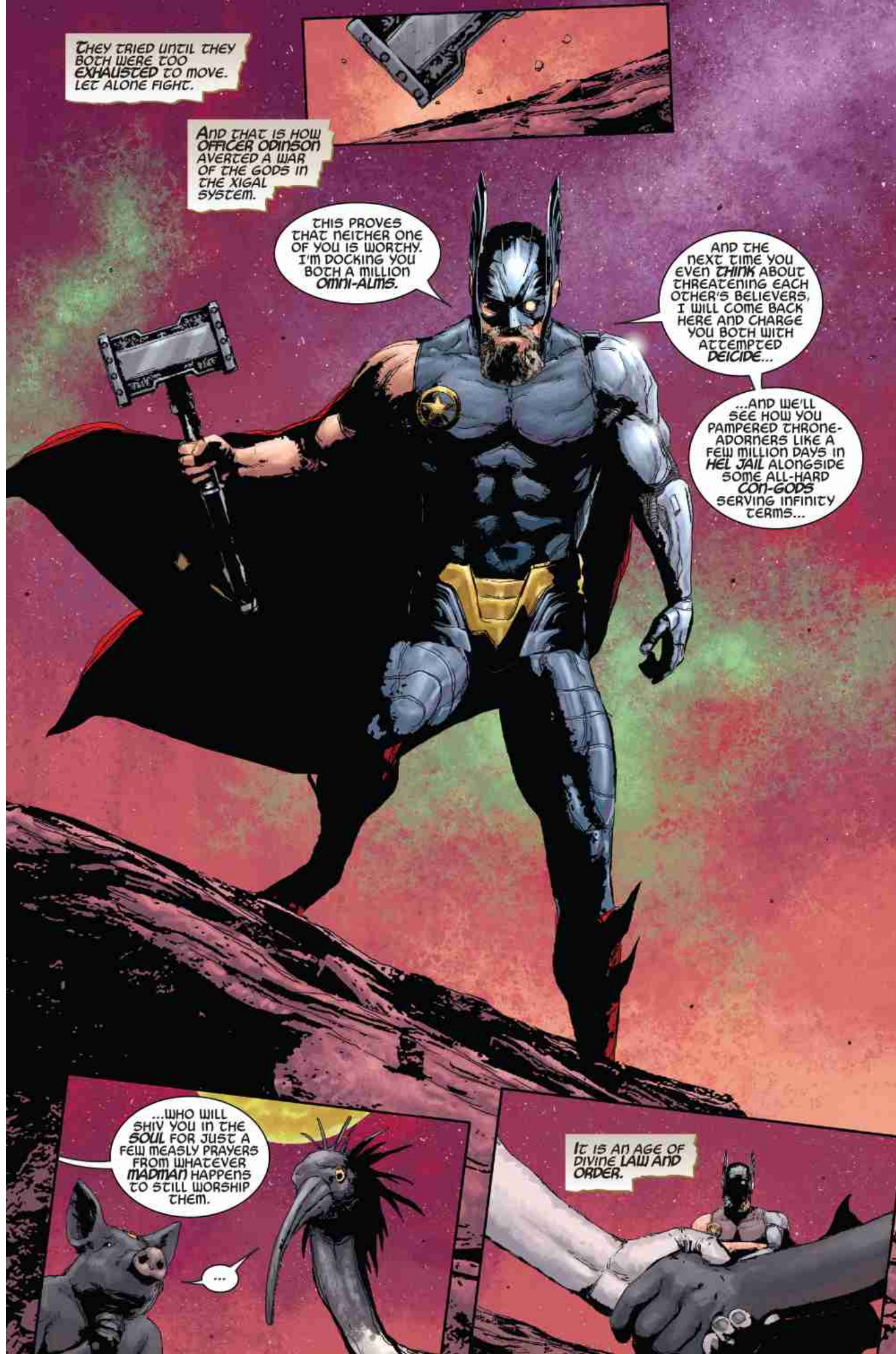
THIS PROVES
THAT NEITHER ONE
OF YOU IS WORTHY.
I'M DOCKING YOU
BOTH A MILLION
OMNI-ALMS.

AND THE
NEXT TIME YOU
EVEN *THINK* ABOUT
THREATENING EACH
OTHER'S BELIEVERS,
I WILL COME BACK
HERE AND CHARGE
YOU BOTH WITH
ATTEMPTED
DECEIT...

...AND WE'LL
SEE HOW YOU
PAMPERED THRONE-
ADORNERS LIKE A
FEW MILLION DAYS IN
HEL JAIL ALONGSIDE
SOME ALL-HARD
CON-GODS
SERVING INFINITY
TERMS...

...WHO WILL
SHIV YOU IN THE
SOUL FOR JUST A
FEW MEASLY PRAYERS
FROM WHATEVER
MADMAN HAPPENS
TO STILL WORSHIP
THEM.

IT IS AN AGE OF
DIVINE LAW AND
ORDER.





I'M CITING
YOU FOR ILLEGAL
USE OF PLAGUES!
HERE'S YOUR
TICKET!

WHEN THE GREAT HOLY HOUSES
OF THE COSMOS HAVE FORGED
A TREATY TO BRING AN END TO
THE AGE OF PANTHEONIC WARS.



PULL OVER!
NOW!

WILD OUTLAW GODS
COULD NO LONGER
EVADE JUSTICE.

THE JUSTICE THAT PATROLS
THE SPACEWAYS FROM SUN
PRECINCT PRIME. SERVING
AND PROTECTING ALL
MORTALS WHO LIVE IN
FEAR OF THE UNRULY
ALMIGHTIES.



GAH, I'LL
FINISH THIS
PAPERWORK
LATER.

WANTED
LOKI



GOD OF
MISCHIEF



THE JUSTICE OF OFFICER
THOR ODINSON OF THE
UNIVERSAL GOD POLICE.

PARTNER,
LET'S RIDE.

THE COP OF
THUNDER.

OFFICER
ODINSON. ZEUS
CHAPTER 4, VERSE 9
IN PROGRESS. THE
ARCHIMEDES
SYSTEM.

COPY THAT.
RESPONDING.

MJOLNIR,
SOUND THE
SIREN.

KRAKK-AKBOOOM

BUT THE AGE OF GODLY ORDER
WOULD COME TO A DREADFUL
END...WITH THE 1,000 NIGHTS
OF RAGNAROK.

THIS IS DAIMON
HELLSTROM, THE
SATANIC SORCERER
SUPREME, BROADCASTING
ON ALL ASTRAL CHANNELS
TO ANY SPACE VESSELS
OR STAR SWIMMERS
IN THE ARGANAAL
SYSTEM!

THIS GALAXY
IS OFFICIALLY
UNDER SPIRITUAL
QUARANTINE!

THE GODS WOULD FADE
AWAY, FALL INTO
HIBERNATION FOR
EONS TO COME.

SOME WOULD NEVER
WAKE AGAIN, LEAVING
OTHER FORCES TO
FILL THEIR VOID.

NEO-DAEMONS
FROM ARGANAAL'S
HAVE POSSESSED THE
STARS! I AM INITIATING
SOLAR EXORCISM
PROTOCOLS!

WITH THE
ASSISTANCE OF
A FELLOW AVENGER
AND EXPERT IN
SENTIENT SATELLITE
RELATIONS!

BUT SOME GODS NEVER
RESTED. THEY MERELY
CHANGED THEIR FORM.
LEFT THEIR OLD BODIES
BEHIND, THEIR OLD
WEAPONS.

WHERE ONCE
HAD STREAKED
A HAMMER NOW
FLEW RUDE
MOONS MADE
OF SOLID URU.



THOR ODINSON
WAS DEAD.

SO WAS BORN THOR
THE THUNDER
WORLD.

BUT THAT AGE
TOO WOULD
PASS.

HRRGH!

THOR WOULD ONE DAY REGAIN
HIS FORM. BUT THEN LOSE
SOMETHING EVEN MORE
PRECIOUS DEEP IN THE
FROZEN JUNGLES OF
JOTUNHEIM.

GRRH!

His mind.

RRRRRRRRRRGGH!!

AFTER AN ATTACK BY PSYCHIC
FROST GIANT ASSASSINS,
THOR WOULD BE LEFT LOST
AND AMNESIAC, BEFORE
BEING TAKEN IN BY THE
WILD BEASTS OF THE
WINTER LANDS.

THUS BEGAN THE
LEGEND OF THOR,
LORD OF THE ICE
APES.

ME
THOR! ME
STRONGEST
APE!

BUT THE SOLDIERS OF THE JOTUNN KING NEVER STOPPED SEARCHING FOR THEIR ENEMY.



YOU! I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU!

HHRGGH!



DID YOU THINK YOU COULD SNEAK OUT TODAY WITHOUT HAVING TO FACE ME?

WELL YOU WERE WRONG, LITTLE GOD!

AND IT WAS ONLY ONCE THEY FOUND HIM THAT THE STRANGEST STORY YET BEGAN TO UNFOLD.



MY LOVE.

THE SECRET STORY OF THE TORRID AFFAIR BETWEEN THE APE GOD AND THE FIERCEST SHE-BLIZZARD IN ALL OF JOTUNHEIM.

THE STORY THAT WOULD SPAWN THOR'S FIRSTBORN SON, THE GIANT OF THUNDER.

THE JOTUNN PRINCE WHO WOULD ONE DAY SIT THE THRONE OF ASGARD.





THERE IS A
POWER IN TALES
UNTOLD.

AND THE WAY OUR
STORIES COLLIDE
AND ENTWINE.

THE ONES
FROM LONG
AGO.



THE ONES YET
TO COME.



AND THE STORIES
THAT DEFEY ALL
TIME.

AND THEN THERE
ARE THE STORIES
OF THE NOW.

THE PRESENT DAY. THE ROOTS OF THE WORLD TREE.

THE WORK
IS FINISHED.
THE NORRKEEP
STANDS
AGAIN.

THERE
IS A POWER
IN TALES
UNTOLD.

STORIES
OF REVELRY
AND WOE, OF
TRIUMPH AND
TRIBULATION.

STORIES
OF WAR AND
THUNDER.

OF
HAMMERS
AND HEL AND
THE TWILIGHT
OF THE
GODS.

THE NORNS
ARE ONCE MORE
PROTECTED.

SAFE TO
CARRY OUT THEIR
IMMORTAL DUTY
OF SPINNING THE
FATES OF ALL
THE GODS.

AND THEIR
KEEP WILL
NEVER FALL
AGAIN.

SO SWEARS
BALDER, KING OF
THE NORNS.

THIS
IS FOR YOU,
KARNILLA,
MY LOVE.

THIS IS THE NOW
THAT NEVER ENDS.

THE ANCIENT CYCLE
OF TRAGEDY AND
REBIRTH.

MANHATTAN.

WOW.
LOOK AT
THAT.

HAVE YOU
EVER SEEN A
SKYLINE MORE
BEAUTIFUL?



GOD,
WHAT A DAY, HUH,
MR. HORSE?



WHAT A
DAY TO BE
ALIVE.



THE LEGACY THAT
STRETCHES INTO
FOREVER.

THE FAMILY THAT
WILL NEVER DIE.

I CAN SEE
THE DWARVES
DREAMING IN
THEIR CAVES IN
NIDAVELLIR.

I SEE
WHAT THE SEA
ELVES OF ALFHEIM
ARE HAVING FOR
DINNER.

BUT I
CANNOT
SEE YOU,
BROTHER.

WHEREVER
YOU RESIDE
IN THE REALMS
BEYOND...I PRAY YOU'RE
RESTING WELL. WITH THE
KNOWLEDGE THAT YOUR
WATCH CONTINUES
ON, BELOVED
HEIMDALL.

AND THAT
ASGARD STANDS
PROTECTED.

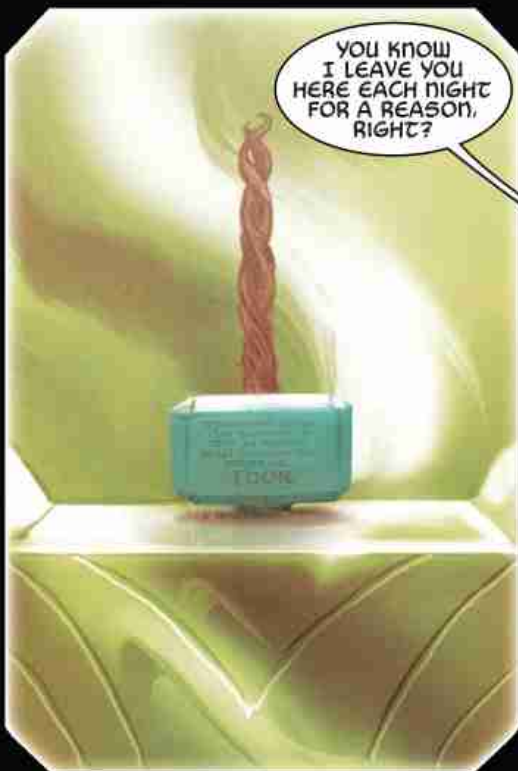
SO SWEARS
SIF, GUARDIAN
OF THE
BIFROST.

THE ALL-SEEING
EYES THAT
NEVER BLINK.

THE ENCHANTMENT...
THAT WILL NEVER
FADE.



YOU KNOW
I LEAVE YOU
HERE EACH NIGHT
FOR A REASON,
RIGHT?



BECAUSE
IF I CAN'T
MOVE YOU OUT
OF THE WAY...
THEN I DON'T
DESERVE TO
SIT THERE.



SO LET'S
SEE WHERE
WE ARE TODAY
THEN, SHALL
WE?



ALL-FATHER
IT IS.

FOR
ANOTHER
MORN AT
LEAST.



SO BE
IT.



GODS KNOW
IT'S BEEN A
LONG HARD ROAD
TO GET TO
THIS PLACE.

AND
PERSONALLY,
OLD FRIEND,
I'M RATHER
EXCITED...



"...TO SEE *WHERE*
WE GO FROM HERE."

 **ASGARD.**
THE REALM
ETERNAL.

STORIES.

IN THE END, THAT'S ALL
WE'LL EVER BE. THAT'S
ALL WE'LL LEAVE BEHIND.

SOME TALES TOLD
AND REELED DOWN
THROUGH TIME.

THE GREATEST OF
THESE ARE THE
ONES THAT
NEVER DIE.

THE STORIES THAT
STAND IMMORTAL.
ENTHRONED.

THE WORTHILEST
OF ALL OUR MANY
IMAGININGS.

THESE ARE THE
STORIES...OF
WHICH GODS
ARE MADE.

THIS HAS BEEN
THE SAGA OF
KING THOR.

LONG MAY
HE REIGN.





GODS.
I...

I DON'T
WANT IT TO
END.

I DON'T
WANT IT TO
EVER END.



THERE ARE
ENOUGH STORIES
HERE...THAT I...I
CAN JUST KEEP...
READING
THEM...

...FOREVER
AND EVER
AND...



SHADRAK!
STOP DAWDLING
AND GET BACK
TO WORK!

YES,
SIR, LORD
LIBRARIAN,
SIR.



OH WELL.
MAYBE
I'LL...

...I'LL HAVE
TIME TO READ
ANOTHER ONE
TOMORROW.

THE BOOKS
AREN'T GOING
ANYWHERE,
RIGHT?



THERE
WILL ALWAYS
BE MORE THOR
STORIES.



THE FAR FUTURE. THE PLANET INDIGARR.

AFTER THE FINAL BATTLE
AGAINST GORR...CAME A
LONG SLEEP.

FOR THOR. AND
FOR THE MIND
OF THE GOD
BUTCHER.

THOR IS
THOR. THOR
IS THOR.
THOR IS...

EVERY TRACE OF THE NECROSWORD
WAS GONE FROM GORR. WAS GONE
COMPLETELY FROM EXISTENCE AS
NEAR AS ANYONE COULD TELL.

LEAVING BUT A
SHELL. LEAVING
BUT A MAN.

HE'S
KILLING THE
FLOWERS. I'LL
PUT AN ARROW
IN HIM.

NO.
THIS IS
HIS GARDEN
NOW.

WE ARE
NOT HIS JAILERS.
WE ARE WHAT HE
NEEDED MOST SO
LONG AGO BUT
WAS FORSAKEN
BY.

LOVING
GODS.

A MAN WHO WOULD
BE CARED FOR BY
THE GODS. AMIDST
PARADISE. FOR THE
REST OF HIS LIFE.

WAS IT HEAVEN FOR
GORR? OR A FORM OF
HELL? NO ONE WOULD
EVER KNOW.

LITTLE WAS SPARED OF THE UNIVERSE AFTER KING THOR'S OBLITERATION OF THE NECRO-INFECTION.

MIDGARD BECAME IN TRUTH WHAT IT ALWAYS THOUGHT ITSELF TO BE--THE CENTER OF ALL CREATION.

THERE WAS NO MORE ASGARD. NO MORE HOME AMONG THE HEAVENS FOR THE GODS.

NOW THEY LIVED AMONG THE MORTALS. GODS AND MAN, WORKING TOGETHER IN THE DIRT.

ONCE THOR WOKE FROM HIS SLEEP OF SLEEPS, RESTORED, HIS RUINED BODY REGROWN AT LAST, HE WAS PLEASED TO LOOK UPON THIS NEW MIDGARD.

BUT THERE WAS STILL A GREAT MELANCHOLY UPON HIM.

ESPECIALLY ON SUNNY DAYS.

LOKI'S FINAL SACRIFICE
HAD REIGNITED THE
SUN, THE LAST STAR.

AND SAVED THE FINAL
SPECKS OF LIFE LEFT
IN THE UNIVERSE.

IT WAS SAID YOU COULD
HEAR LOKI'S WHISPERS IN
THE FALLING SUNLIGHT.
THAT HIS SOUL WAS
STILL BURNING INSIDE
THE STAR.

POWERING THE
SUN...WITH
WORDS.

NOT WITH
LIES.

WITH
STORIES.

BUT THERE WAS NOTHING
POWERING THE UNIVERSE
ITSELF. NOT ANYMORE.

IT'S
AS I FEARED,
GRANDFATHER.
YOU DID WHAT
YOU HAD TO
DO TO DESTROY
GORR'S NECRO-
WEAPON.

BUT THERE'S
BEEN TOO MUCH
DAMAGE DONE TO
THE PILLARS OF
THE COSMOS.

THERE WAS
NOTHING EXCEPT
DECAY.

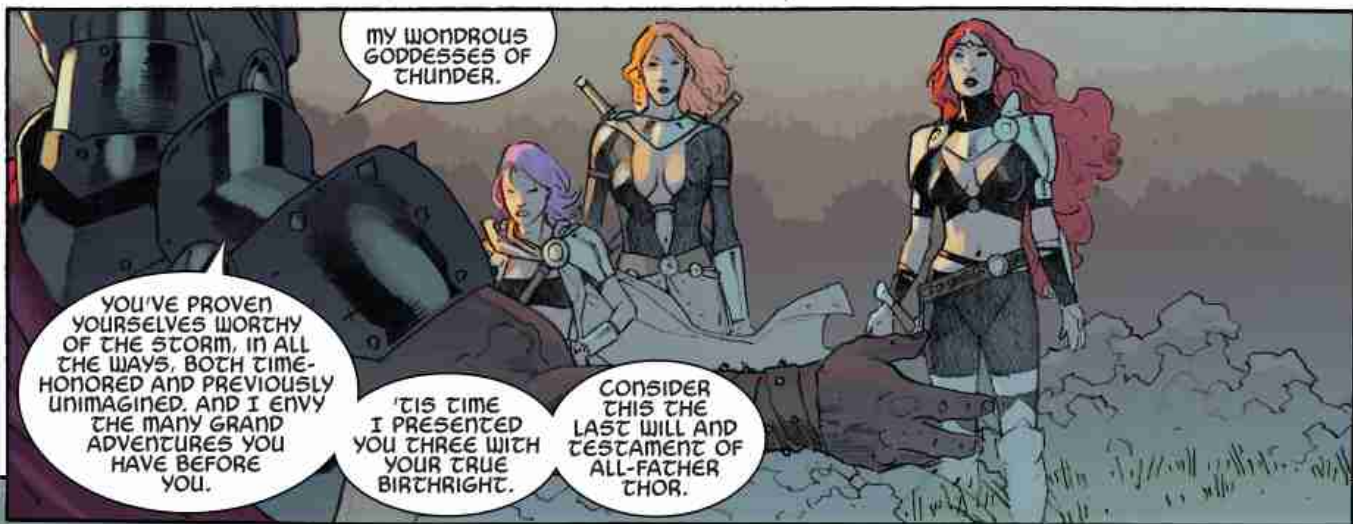
IT'S ALL
COLLAPSING
AROUND US.
ENTROPY IS
SPREADING LIKE
A GREAT
FESTERING
WOUND.

AND...AND
WE HAVE...
WE HAVE
NO...



THE YOUNG GODDESS
CHOKED ON HER WORDS.
SHE HAD NO IDEA HOW
TO STOP THE END.

BUT KING
THOR DID.





GRANDFATHER THOR...WHAT...
WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?



IT MEANS
GOODBYE,
MY LOVES.



THE FINAL WORDS THOR
SHARED WITH MJOLNIR
WERE FOR MJOLNIR
ALONE.

WITH HIS
GRANDDAUGHTERS,
THE THUNDER KING
SHARED TEARS.

AND TOOK ONE LAST WALK
THROUGH THE FIELDS OF
MIDGARD, TELLING EVERY
MORTAL ALIVE TO THEIR
FACE HOW MUCH HE
LOVED THEM.

AND STOPPING TO RUB
THE DIRT OF EARTH ON
HIS ANCIENT HANDS...

...ONE LAST
TIME.

BEFORE HIS SHIP
SAILED INTO THE
ENTROPY.



INTO THE HEART OF
WHERE THE UNIVERSE
WAS WITHERING AND
COLLAPSING.

FATHER.



WHAT COULD POSSIBLY
STAVE OFF SUCH ALL-
CONSUMING OBLIVION?

I KNOW
NOW. I KNOW
THE ANSWER.

WHAT MANNER OF GOD
WOULD IT TAKE TO HOLD
UP ALL OF CREATION
ITSELF FOR ALL TIME
SO THAT LIFE MIGHT
HAVE THE CHANCE
TO ENDURE?

LET ME
SHOW YOU,
FATHER.

LET ME
SHOW YOU
THE SPIRIT OF
THUNDER.



WHEN THOR WAS A VERY YOUNG BOY, IT WAS SAID HE WAS FRIGHTENED BY STORMS.

THAT HE WOULD CRY FREQUENTLY IN HIS CRIB WHENEVER IT THUNDERED.

AND HIS FATHER ODIN BECAME SO ENRAGED BY THIS THAT ONCE DURING A DOWNPOUR, HE HAD THE BOY HURLED OUTSIDE THE ROYAL HALLS OF ASGARD AND FORBID ANYONE TO GIVE HIM SHELTER.

THAT NIGHT, THUNDER RATTLED EVERY BUILDING IN THE REALM ETERNAL. IT WAS THE FIERCEST STORM ANY GOD COULD REMEMBER.

THE NEXT MORNING, LITTLE THOR WAS FOUND, DRENCHED TO THE BONE, BUT WITHOUT A TEAR IN HIS EYE.

HE NEVER CRIED AGAIN AT THE SOUND OF THUNDER.

FOR IN TRUTH, WHAT HIS FOOLISH FATHER HAD MISSED SO COMPLETELY WAS THAT THOR HAD NEVER CRIED BECAUSE OF THE STORM.

THE STORM WAS HIS CRYING.

THOR'S FIRST WORDS WERE SPOKEN WITH THUNDER.

AND SO WOULD BE HIS LAST.





THE SPIRIT OF A SWORD
IS TO CUT. THE SPIRIT
OF A HAMMER IS TO
SMASH.

BUT WHAT IS
THE SPIRIT OF
THUNDER?

KRUKKA-KR-OOOOOM!!!



FATHER...
WHAT'S THAT
SOUND?

DON'T BE
SCARED, MY
CHILDREN.

THAT IS
THUNDER.

AND
THUNDER IS THE
SOUND OF GOD
LOVING US.

THUNDER IS
HOW WE KNOW
HE'S UP THERE,
FIGHTING BACK
THE DARKNESS.

FOR
US. FOR
ANOTHER
DAWN.



ANOTHER
DAY FOR US TO
LIVE AND DREAM.
AND STRIVE TO
BE WORTHY.



LET ME TELL
YOU, MY CHILDREN,
OF THE MIGHTINESS
OF OUR GOD.



THE SPIRIT OF
THUNDER IS TO
BE HEARD.

LET ME
TELL YOU
THE STORY
OF THOR.

Amen.



**CONCLUSION:
“WHAT IS THE SPIRIT OF THUNDER?”**

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THOR created by STAN LEE & JACK KIRBY

I'M NOT GONNA LIE. IT WAS HARD TO LET GO.

I DON'T KNOW THAT I'M VERY GOOD AT LETTING GO IN GENERAL. BUT ESPECIALLY AFTER SEVEN YEARS AND 100 OR SO ISSUES OF BEING THE "THOR GUY" AT MARVEL, I FOUND IT WAS REALLY HARD TO PUT THIS FINAL ONE TO BED. I HELD ON TO THOSE LAST FEW PAGES FOR AS LONG AS I POSSIBLY COULD. EVEN THOUGH THAT LAST SCENE HAD BEEN SITTING IN MY HEAD, WAITING TO BE WRITTEN, FOR MANY YEARS.

I PUT A LOT OF MYSELF INTO THOSE 100 ISSUES. A LOT OF WHO I WAS GROWING UP, PLAYING ALONE IN THE WOODS OF THE DEEP SOUTH, BREATHING LIKE THE PUREST OF PINE-SCENTED OXYGEN, DREAMING MY WAY IN THE ROUNDABOUT DIRECTION OF THE LIFE I WANTED. AND A LOT OF WHO I BECAME WHEN I GREW UP, LOST RELIGION, ALMOST LOST MYSELF, MOVED AWAY, FOUND LOVE, FOUND EATHERHOOD, FOUND THE MAN I WANTED TO BE, A MAN I'M STILL WORKING TO MORE FULLY REALIZE EVERY DAY.

THOR HELPED WITH THAT. THOR LITERALLY CHANGED MY LIFE. AND I JUST HOPE I RETURNED THE FAVOR IN SOME WAY THAT MATTERED.

PERSONALLY, I HAVEN'T BELIEVED IN GOD, IN ANY GODS, FOR A LONG TIME. FAITH HASN'T BEEN A PART OF WHO I AM FOR MANY YEARS. BUT I STILL HAVE IDEAS AND VALUES THAT ARE PRECIOUS AND FUNDAMENTAL TO ME IN WAYS THAT FEEL ALMOST RELIGIOUS IN NATURE. EVEN AS AN ATHEIST, I STILL HAVE THINGS I WORSHIP.

AND I WROTE ABOUT ALL OF THEM WITH THOR.

THOR IS TRULY THE SORT OF GOD (OR GODS, I GUESS, AS I WROTE A WHOLE BUNCH OF THORS) THAT I WOULD LIKE TO BELIEVE IN. THE GOD WHO WAKES UP EVERY SINGLE DAY AND LOOKS AT THAT HAMMER, WITH ITS WORTHINESS ENCHANTMENT, AND DOESN'T KNOW IF THEY WILL BE ABLE TO LIFT IT. WHO LIVES EVERY DAY QUESTIONING THEIR OWN WORTHINESS, ASPIRING FOR IT, WHILE ALSO EMBRACING THEIR UNWORTHINESS, THEIR FAILINGS. THE KIND OF GOD WHO DELIGHTS AND TAKES UNBRIDLED JOY FROM THE WILD, UNIMAGINABLE BEAUTY ALL AROUND THEM. A GOD WHO SOMETIMES DRINKS TOO MUCH, SOMETIMES LOVES TOO RECKLESSLY, WHO THINKS BOTH TOO HIGHLY AND TOO LOWLY OF THEMSELVES, WHO LAUGHS BIG, WEEPS BIGGER, WHO THUNDERS AND BROODS AND FEELS THINGS DEEPLY, EVEN THROUGH NEAR-IMPENETRABLE FLESH. WHO WOULD DIE A THOUSAND TIMES TO SAVE WHAT'S MOST PRECIOUS TO THEM, WHICH IS US. LIKE THE VIKINGS OF OLD WEAVING THEIR SAGAS, I WAS FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO BE ABLE TO DREAM THAT VERY GOD INTO BEING, WHILE STANDING ON THE SHOULDERS OF GOD-SPAWNING GIANTS WITH NAMES LIKE LEE AND KIRBY AND SIMONSON. AND NOW THOR WILL ALWAYS BE VERY REAL TO ME. THE GOD OF THUNDER WILL ALWAYS BE A PROFOUND PRESENCE IN MY LIFE.

I WASN'T A HUGE THOR FAN GROWING UP. THIS THOR RUN OF MINE WAS NEVER REALLY THE PLAN. UNTIL SUDDENLY IT WAS. BACK IN 2012, THERE WAS A MOMENT WHEN EVERY MAJOR TITLE AT MARVEL WAS UP FOR GRABS ALL AT ONCE. I'D ALREADY BEEN PENCILLED IN TO TAKE OVER A DIFFERENT SOLO AVENGER SERIES. BUT FOR SOME REASON, IT DIDN'T FEEL RIGHT. AND SOMETHING ELSE DID. I'D REALLY LOVED MATT FRACTION'S *THOR: AGES OF THUNDER* ONE-SHOTS. SOMETHING ABOUT THEM REALLY RESONATED WITH ME AT THAT MOMENT IN TIME. AND SO I ASKED IF I COULD TAKE OVER *THOR*. I DIDN'T HAVE A STORY. DIDN'T HAVE A DIRECTION. DIDN'T KNOW WHO THOR WAS TO ME. BUT SUDDENLY, HE WAS MINE. AND IF NOTHING ELSE, I HOPE IT STILL SHOWS SEVEN YEARS LATER THAT I HAVE THOROUGHLY ENJOYED OUR TIME TOGETHER.

SO IF THERE'S A LESSON IN THERE, I GUESS IT'S TO BE WHO YOU ARE AND FOLLOW WHAT FEELS RIGHT IN THE MOMENT.

AND DREAM YOUR OWN GODS.

SPEAKING OF GODS, THERE'S A LONG LIST OF THE ARTISTIC VARIETY WHOM I WAS LUCKY ENOUGH TO COLLABORATE WITH OVER THE COURSE OF THIS RUN. IT'S TOO LARGE A PANTHEON FOR ME TO LIST EVERY SINGLE DEIFIED ONE OF THEM HERE, BUT I WOULD LIKE TO ACKNOWLEDGE A FEW. BEFORE I EVER HAD MY FIRST THOR STORY IDEA, I KNEW ESAÐ RIBIC WAS GOING TO DRAW IT, AND THAT TRULY HELPED DEFINE EVERYTHING TO ME. THE SCOPE, THE POWER, THE FEEL. EVERYTHING I'VE DONE WITH THE CHARACTER GOES BACK TO ESAÐ'S INITIAL DESIGNS AND THE POWER OF HIS OPENING PENCILS (ALONG WITH IVE SVORCINA'S BREATH-TAKING COLORS). ESAÐ WAS THE SPARK, THE FIERY COSMIC GENESIS, THE JAW-DROPPING SPECTACLE. AND HE WAS A TOUGH DAMN ACT TO FOLLOW. BUT RUSSELL DAUTERMAN STILL MANAGED TO SWOOP IN AND MAKE THE CHARACTER AND THE WORLD SO COMPLETELY AND UTTERLY HIS OWN. ALONG WITH THE NEAR-OMNIPOTENTLY TALENTED COLORIST MATTHEW WILSON, RUSSELL BECAME THE HEART, THE SOUL, THE BEAUTY AND URU-STRONG EMOTION OF THE SERIES. I'VE NEVER CRIED SO MUCH LOOKING AT A COMIC PAGE AS I STILL DO WITH RUSSELL AND MATTHEW'S WORK ON THE JANE FOSTER STORYLINE. AND I EXPECT THAT WILL ALWAYS BE THE CASE. AND THEN THE AMAZING MIKE DEL MUNDO TOOK THE REINS FOR THE LAST BIG SERIES AND BROUGHT HIS OWN UNIQUE, STAGGERINGLY IMAGINATIVE AND INVENTIVE STYLE TO THOR'S WORLD. MIKE MANAGED TO WEAVE TOGETHER THE SPECTACLE AND THE HEART, THE POWER AND THE PASSION, IN A WAY THAT FELT LIKE BOTH A PROGRESSION OF WHAT HAD COME BEFORE AND SOMETHING WILDLY NEW AND DIFFERENT. I WILL OWE THESE ARTISTS FREE DRINKS FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE. AND I LOOK FORWARD TO THEM COLLECTING.

I ALSO OWE UNENDING THANKS TO EVERYONE AT MARVEL WHO'S HELPED MAKE THIS HAPPEN, FROM FORMER **ETC** AXEL ALONSO AND MY ORIGINAL EDITOR LAUREN SANKOVITCH TO THE CURRENT CHIEF **C.B.** CEBULSKI AND MY LONGTIME EDITORIAL COLLABORATORS AND INFINITELY PATIENT CREATIVE PARTNERS, EDITORS **WIL** MOSS AND **SARAH** BRUNSTAD. THOSE ARTISTS I MENTIONED BEFORE ARE THE REASON THIS RUN HAS LOOKED SO INCREDIBLE FOR SO LONG. BUT **WIL** AND **SARAH** ARE THE POWER BEHIND THAT. IT'S BEEN THEIR EYES AND IMPECCABLE TASTES GUIDING THE LOOK OF ALL THESE GORGEOUS SERIES. SO WE ALL OWE THEM FREE DRINKS FOR THAT.

AND THERE'S ONE OTHER VITALLY IMPORTANT PERSON WHO'S BEEN AN EVEN BIGGER PART OF MY RUN THAN ANYONE ELSE. AND THAT'S LETTERER **JOE** SABINO. **JOE** HAS BROUGHT HIS LETTERS AND CREATIVITY TO EVERY SINGLE ISSUE OF MY TIME ON *THOR*. AND EVEN MORE THAN THAT, HE'S BEEN A PART OF THOR HISTORY FOR EVEN LONGER, WORKING ON THE CHARACTER ALL THE WAY BACK TO THE **JMS** DAYS. AND THANKFULLY **JOE** WILL STILL BE HERE AFTER I'M GONE.

WHICH I GUESS MEANS IT'S TIME TO PASS THE **MJOLNIR** ON TO ITS NEW CARETAKERS, **DONNY** CATES AND **NIC** KLEIN, SO I CAN STEP ASIDE AND ENJOY THE COSMIC EPICNESS THAT I KNOW FOR A FACT THEY'RE ABOUT TO BESTOW UPON US.

AND ENJOY IT; I WILL. BECAUSE I'LL BE RIGHT THERE WITH ALL OF YOU NOW. THE PEOPLE I OWE THE MOST THANKS TO. THE FANS WHO READ AND SUPPORTED THIS ENTIRE TALE. I DON'T KNOW HOW I COULD EVER POSSIBLY CONVEY TO YOU JUST HOW DEEPLY I'VE CHERISHED AND APPRECIATED THE CONNECTION WE'VE FORGED FROM ACROSS THE PAGES. IF NOTHING ELSE, I HOPE THAT CONNECTION HAS EARNED ME THE HONOR OF STANDING ALONGSIDE YOU. AS A THOR FAN. EAGERLY AWAITING THE NEXT ISSUE. THE NEXT GRAND ADVENTURE. THE NEXT CHANCE TO SPEND A LITTLE MORE TIME WITH A DEAR OLD FRIEND.

I LOVE YOU, THOR. MOST VERILY, I DO. THANKS FOR THE CHANCE TO SHARE THAT LOVE WITH THE WORLD.

I'LL LOOK FOR YOU IN THE STORM CLOUDS, FRIEND.

STAY WORTHY.
JASON AARON
KC, 2019

STAN LEE'S SOAPBOX

These brief, random thoughts are being written just a short time after the Attica State Prison tragedy. Now I've no intention of imposing my own opinions upon you about which side, which party or parties might have been right or wrong. Instead, I'd like to discuss the theory of "right or wrong" itself. Is it possible that too much harm, too much injustice has been caused in the name of "right" — in the pursuit of combating "wrong?" In every human conflict, isn't each disputant completely convinced that his particular cause is wholly "right" while the opposing viewpoint is totally "wrong?" And, armed with the sense of being "in the right," don't we dogmatically attempt to impose our own will upon those who hold different convictions? But, what if we had no such hang-ups about right and wrong? What if we remember that what's right for here may be wrong for there? In fact, what's right for you may be wrong for me — and what's right for today may be wrong for some other time. "Right" to a liberal is politically "wrong" to a conservative, just as "right" to a labor leader can be "wrong" to an industrialist, or "right" to a child can seem "wrong" to a parent. Yet, I wonder what life would be like if we weren't so pre-occupied with proving ourselves right and the other guy wrong. I wonder if we might not find the peace, the understanding we all seek by striving to relate to each other, to sympathize with each other's problems, to reach out to those who may differ from ourselves and to realize that they too may be "right" in their own way, from their own point of reference. I wonder — mightn't it be worth a try? Excelsior!

Stan

STAN LEE
FOREVER

used to be a secretary to the late lamented Beatles! Okay, Herb, so clue us in, huh — what's Ringo Starr, really like? ... Everybody notice on this month's checklist that Kull the Conqueror is back in demand in the pages of the

even all-father Odin...
we gave you a gift...
those free steaks might...
please!... Peace, people!

THE MIGHTY MARVELS
New in 1972

FANTASTIC FOUR #121: The earth is blown his horn! The earth is destruction! The F.F. battles before! And then — but that you see for yourself!

SPIDER-MAN #107: The web Spider-Slayer Saga! The web smashes thru — to one of his victories! But his triumph is as tragedy overtakes Flash T.

THOR #198: The Death of then, as Asgard reels, re-enters — and the sinister Colonizer of unparalleled greatness!

AVENGERS #98: Here come hawks. And wait'll you learn of their mysterious leader long-lost Avengers return to

HULK #150: The return called — Havok! The mighty Lorna Dane! Plus — ol' G rampage! It's action, cover

CAPTAIN AMERICA and #148: The Red Skull! The Kingpin! And a newly-awakened This one's got it all!

DAREDEVIL #85: Reminiscent Ox? Well, he's back breathing Black Widow better hurry — 'cause D. York!

SUB-MARINER #48: New — and murderous Mordred! The quest for the Cosmic a mind-staggering cliff

IRON MAN #46: Iron in murder! The battle busting Guardsman death of a superhero one!

ASTONISHING TALE full, never-before-told Zar and Zebul Plus battle ever, with — M

SGT. FURY #97: Shocked, wind-up epic of all! But — w enough to see it!

